

Test Run

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1950699) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1950699>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Transformers Animated (2007)
Relationship:	Blurr/Longarm Prime Shockwave
Character:	Blurr (Transformers) , Longarm Prime Shockwave
Additional Tags:	Sticky Sex , Fucking Machines , sex for science , Solo , Multiple Orgasms , Bondage
Stats:	Published: 2014-07-13 Words: 2458

Test Run

by [Hambone](#)

Summary

Shockwave satisfies a nasty curiosity under a thin pretense. Blurr is more than happy to cooperate.

Notes

Request for ceryskitty on my Tumblr. I hope you like it!

“I do hope you are comfortable, dear,” said Shockwave, circling around him and tightening the restraints carefully. Blurr, for his part, was not exactly comfortable but nowhere near the realm of complaining. He watched Shockwave adjust him with heavily lidded optics, the seeming concern for his physical being a thin pretense to admire the Decepticon and his newest gift.

“Now, you know I do this out of affection, Blurr, but also out of a desire to learn.”

Shockwave stroked a claw up his cheek and Blurr leaned into the touch as best he could, wriggling in his bonds. This was not the first time their intimacy had been treated as a science project and would doubtfully be the last, but he liked the idea, reveled in it, even. Shockwave watched him quietly for a moment, optic glowing bright.

“We’ve both known for quite some time now that you have the unique ability to recover from valve born overloads quickly and with great repetition,” he continued, pulling back, “but not to what

extent. This is what I endeavor to find out.”

Blurr moaned, wishing he could express his gratitude for the offer more vocally but blocked off by the gag spreading his mouth wide. That alone would not have stopped him, but Shockwave was wise to his games and had outfitted the ring with a scrambler, leaving him unable to do much more than garble out moans and hisses, throat tubing flexing visibly as he tried to swallow. Shockwave knelt before him, humming pleasantly as Blurr continued to twitch.

The false spike he had positioned towards Blurr’s valve was barely nosing inside, enough to tease but not nearly enough for Blurr and now that Shockwave seemed to be paying mind to it again he tried to buck his hips, fully knowing the effort was futile and hoping Shockwave would catch on and take pity. Fortunately or not, Shockwave only fiddled with something at the chair base before standing to his full height again.

“Are you prepared?”

Blurr could only whine, tongue flexing inside his open mouth. Nodding in approval, Shockwave turned to the control console at his side.

“Then we shall begin.”

Nothing could have adequately prepared Blurr for the machine’s activation, the immediate and violent shock of pleasure as the spike began to move within him. The pace was slow, painfully so, but there were nodules all along the implement that emitted low bursts of charge, the collar holding his helm back to the chair pumping a low level of energy down through his chest and directly into his spark. Vibrating, Blurr keened.

“I know you prefer to move things at a more expeditious pace,” Shockwave intoned, still adjusting one of the dials, “but I needed to ensure that things were working smoothly. Is the angle one you find pleasurable?”

Blurr’s fingers opened and closed on air, cuffed to the sloping side of the chair. His optics, brought with charge, flickered between Shockwave and himself, the sight of the spike slowly sliding between his valve folds almost as erotic as knowing Shockwave was getting an even better view from behind the console. A little line of drool began to crawl down his chin as he nodded stiffly, brow creasing.

“Good, good.”

Shockwave twisted the dial a little and the speed increased, though only just. Blurr whined again, feeling his spark swell as it turned.

“Perhaps it could be better?”

It took a moment for Blurr to consider this, largely because the machine gave him no time to think or pause to collect himself, continuing its steady pace inside and out. Finally he nodded, vents opening wide to release a small stream of steam. Again, Shockwave was at his feet, this time attending to Blurr where he desired it most. He was already soaking, had been since long before he had even seated himself in the chair, and Shockwave stroked a long claw through the mess with interest.

“Please, signal when I have reached an optimum arrangement.”

He grasped the base of one of the arms controlling the spike, tilting it just barely. It was enough to make Blurr jump again, coughing uncomfortably as it bumped too low inside him.

“My apologies.”

The device rose again and this time Blurr's reaction was one of glee, the higher angle allowing the head of the spike to push into his anterior node. Forgetting how immobilized he was momentarily, Blurr attempted to buck up, nodding frantically and vocalizing loudly when Shockwave moved it another quarter inch and it positively rammed the tender area shooting round after round of pleasure straight up his spinal strut.

His first overload was already approaching fast and Shockwave seemed to know it, standing back and folding his arms in silent contemplation. As much as the slow pace tortured him, Blurr reveled in being watched; he was the sole center of Shockwave's current universe, and it fueled him. Bowing against the seat back, Blurr sank into his first climax like the warm current of a good bath, small enough to keep him alert but hot enough to give him minor relief. He never once tore his gaze from Shockwave, lowering his optics a bit with both invitation and challenge.

Shockwave pressed a green button on the side of the console and a red light appeared next to it, a numeral.

"It seems you're warmed up enough."

Blurr shrieked when the machine turned up several notches, finally jerking up to a speed he was more comfortable with. His hips shuddered unsteadily in their place, unable to move into the thrusts but desperately wanting to. The faster Shockwave allowed it to become, the faster Blurr wanted it, shaking his helm from side to side as he was pounded with increasing vigor. Already riding the wave of one overload, Blurr came again quickly, this time accompanied by a small burst of lubricant as he clenched down hard, calipers fighting the rapid jerks of the implement that spread them.

Shockwave pressed the button again, counting. His pupil widened marginally as Blurr stared him down, pleased. The energy pulsing out from the spike made Blurr dizzy, condensation beginning to form on his plating as he heated. He was glad the seat was leaned back somewhat, glad he could lay his helm to the side as if in rest, but he was too amped up to relax. Making use of the little room he had, Blurr pumped his hips forward and back into the thrusting, toe pieces curling back as if he were beginning transformation.

He was used to consecutive overloads, as Shockwave had earlier described. While his low stamina was problematic when using his spike, his valve had essentially no cool down protocols, allowing him to continue after his first time cumming and long after, until he or his partner had exhausted themselves. In normal interface he generally lasted through three or four overloads maximum, not expecting much more and enjoying himself all the same, but since his relationship with first Longarm and now Shockwave had begun to intensify he had discovered that his body was capable of many more debaucherous sins than he had imagined possible, extended interface among them. Their total score at this point was seven to two, Blurr on the leading edge, but Shockwave had implied several times before that in his younger days things would likely have gone differently. He also had an affinity for playing with Blurr long before he released and attended to his own equipment, skewing the count further beyond Blurr's excitable trigger.

The false spike was nothing compared to Shockwave's hot reality and the vivid memories of that wicked girth inside of him curled Blurr through two more overloads, each more intense than the last as Shockwave fiddled with the machine's controls. By the time his fifth was approaching he was seeing stars, chin slick with oral solvent as the gag began to make his jaw ache. He keened loudly, throwing his helm back against the chair with a resounding clang as his entire boy stiffened in pleasure, lubricant jetting out to puddle on the already glistening floor.

"Approaching prior overload threshold," murmured Shockwave, seemingly to himself, "preparing to advance to step 2-C."

Blurr could hardly see him through the bubbles of colored pixels building behind his optics, but he could feel his approach, heavy footsteps echoing up the chair legs like a coming storm. He had something in his hand, another tool with which to torment him, and Blurr groaned with static-laced delight. Shockwave's determination to watch him writhe only strengthened his resolve, holding his helm as high as he could as the Decepticon loomed overhead.

"Dearest Blurr," he said, voice louder and kinder than before, "I know you will enjoy this."

The device he held was small, and Blurr recognized it on sight. Shockwave had often treated him with such decadences before, little toys with which to amuse himself if the Decepticon needed to leave for longer than either of them would like, and this was one Blurr had made great use of before. The vibrator was for external use, largely; a small but powerful device in the shape of an oval. He could vaguely make out some sort of modification to the machine's design, Shockwave having attached a thin chain around the ends, but it was not until he was set upon that he realized its use.

Carefully avoiding too much contact with the still moving machine below, Shockwave pressed the device firmly to Blurr's external node, magnetizing the chains around his thighs to keep it in place. The positioning would have been awkward if Blurr were able to move and dislodge it but as things were it stayed even as he jumped and lurched in his confinement, retaining smooth contact all the while. Shockwave looked rather pleased with himself.

"Stage 2-C begins."

Shockwave flicked the switch on the oval vibrator and Blurr lost it. It was difficult enough dealing with the dueling sensations of the false spike but this, hard pressed against his nub, was too intense to cope with. Kicking his heels against the cuffs linking his calves to the chair, Blurr squealed, a strangled and high noise, trapped beneath the weight of his pleasure.

It was impossible for Shockwave to deny he was interested, calm scientific demeanor be damned. He crossed his wrists, helm tilting slightly to observe his quaking captive. Blurr was bucking into another overload, chirping out short, breathless cries as he soaked his seat, and Shockwave began to regret not installing a video recorder as he had initially planned. Still, he did own the machine. There would be plenty of time for revisitation. He tapped the button on the side of the console twice, recognizing where one series of violent quakes bled into another.

"Are you enjoying yourself, my dear?"

Blurr looked at him with bleary optics, a drooling mess of confusion and desperation. He could not remember how many times he'd cum now, could not make out the numbers on Shockwave's monitor through his jumbled visual feed. He tried to squeeze his thighs together, knowing already that he couldn't, the pressure of his hip components trying only managing to make his valve contract tighter, burn hotter. His fingers scrambled at the chair sides, worried that if they didn't hold onto something he would really lose his mind.

Warnings were beginning to pop up in his processor, low levels of lubrication, overheating threats. His vocalizer was beginning to crack and glitch, unable to combat both the suppressor in the gag and his own frame's imminent collapse at once. He bit into the metal ring, shaking his head as though he could dislodge it from his throat on his own, a wild animal, begging Shockwave to have mercy on him. He was so sore already; Shockwave's gaze upon his own doing nothing but keep him going, sending shock after shock through his system.

"Mm," Shockwave clicked, tapping something down on the console's data keys, "dehydration presents itself as an issue before over exertion. Interesting."

He had a small bottle prepared, medical lubricant they had never had need for before, and without bothering to even slow the machines working in tandem on Blurr's body he simply approached and applied it, squirting liberally across his entire pelvic array. It was hard to tell, when Blurr had already done such a thorough job of wetting the area, how effective it would be based on sight alone, but already some of the rawness seemed to soothe, Blurr moaning appreciatively. Every node was over processed, nerves so lit with energy that pleasure and pain began to blur together, unable to process the wealth of information being sent through his body every nano-klik.

His desire to please Shockwave won out. He kicked and struggled, but he persisted. Shockwave purred.

"You're doing so well, dear."

Blurr sobbed, unable to tell if he was trapped in one continuous overload or a violent succession of them, waves washing over him one after another. Overheat warnings were now piling atop one another, flashing bright and angry behind his optics. He gasped for air but the room itself felt hot, his core temperature rocketing when nothing but dry warmth billowed through his fans.

"Very well."

He offlined his optics, only keeping his vocalizer active by sheer force of will. All secondary power was rerouted towards his vitals and interface hardware, keeping him conscious through whatever means necessary. His chin dropped onto his chest, blind, deaf to the world, enraptured. His valve pulsed with one last intensive expulsion of energy, and Blurr shrieked, entire body going ridged.

Then, he was looking at the ceiling. His first instinct was to sit up, the moment he realized he could, but every servo in his body repulsed his effort and he remained still, groaning slowly.

"Ah, good. I was worried you would not wake for several more cycles."

Shockwave's dark form hovered over his chassis, long neck swept low.

"How are you feeling?"

Blurr opened and closed his mouth several times, jaw incredibly sore.

"I-I-ah..." he trailed off, not even sure how to answer.

"I feel like you drained all the energon out of my body but I somehow lived."

It wasn't too far from the truth. There was a coldness to his extremities, and he became afraid that if he lifted them they would drift off without him. Shockwave chuckled quietly at that, stroking a claw down Blurr's side.

"You are going to take a while to recover."

The contact hurt a little, Blurr still over sensitized, and he managed to raise a hand and push at him weakly.

"So...?"

"So what?"

Shockwave twitched an antenna, withdrawing.

"How did I do?"

Shockwave's pupil widened.

"Twenty six."

Blurr could only laugh.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!